

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

AUG.
10¢
NO. 19

In this issue:
**A COMPLETE
WESTERN
NOVELETTE!**
**STRUGGLE
IN THE
WILDERNESS!**



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN NERD • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • NOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLT
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett Jr., President



66 99

Lash

LARUE

STRUGGLE in the WILDERNESS

PART ONE

THE INDIAN RAMPAGE

Laying tracks for a railroad in the wilderness of the Old West was a task faced with unbelievable natural hardships! Add to this a tribe of Indians on the warpath and a band of outlaws searching for easy prey and you have a desperate situation! Desperate, that is, until Roving Marshal LASH LARUE comes upon the scene and with flying fists and blazing six-guns fights to save the lives of innocent men and his own!

FRESCO FARMER, A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW, LEADS HIS GANG OUT INTO THE WILDERNESS!

THERE'S NOTHING WORTH STEALING IN THIS WILDERNESS, BOSS! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRINGING US ALL THE WAY OUT HERE?

YUH'LL SOON SEE, STUMPY!

THERE'S JUST A MOB OF RAILROAD WORKERS LAYING TRACKS DOWN THERE, FRESCO! WHAT ABOUT IT?

JUST THIS! EVERY TWO WEEKS A RAILROAD CAR RIPS UP TO THEM AND DELIVERS THEIR PAY! THE NEXT PAY TRAIN IS DUE TODAY! THAT WOULD MAKE A NICE HAUL!

I RECKON SO, BOSS, BUT THERE'S TOO MANY WORKERS DOWN THERE FER US TO TACKLE!

THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT OVERALLS WAITING FER ALL OF YUH AT THE HIDE-OUT! AS SOON AS WE GET BACK THERE YO'RE GOING TO PUT THEM ON SO YUH'LL LOOK LIKE WORKERS!



WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY TRYING TO MIX WITH THEM! THOSE RAILROAD WORKERS WILL KNOW WE DON'T BELONG THERE!

I'M NOT AIMING FER US TO MIX WITH THE WORKERS, STUMPY! AS SOON AS YUH PUT ON THE OVERALLS, YUH'LL SEE WHAT MY PLAN IS!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE EDGE OF THE NEARBY SIOUX RESERVATION...

FIRST YUH MAKE US DRESS LIKE LABORERS AND THEN INSTEAD OF GOING BACK TO THE RAILROAD, YUH BRING US TO THIS INDIAN TERRITORY!

YUH YOURSELF SAID WE COULD NEVER ROB THE PAYROLL TRAIN WITH ALL THOSE WORKERS AROUND! WELL, THOSE INDIANS ARE GOING TO GET RID OF THEM FER US!



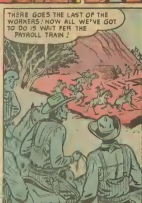
BY CATCHING THE INDIANS OFF GUARD NOW, WE CAN BREAK UP THEIR CEREMONIAL DANCE AND ESCAPE BEFORE THEY CAN STOP US!

HOW IS THAT GOING TO HELP US ROB THE PAYROLL TRAIN?

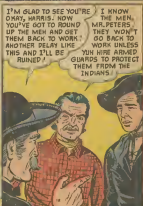
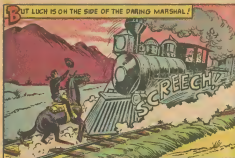
DRESSED AS WE ARE, THE INDIANS ARE BOUND TO THINK WE'RE THE RAILROAD LABORERS ON A SPREE AND RIDE DOWN TO GET EVEN WITH *US* FER INTERRUPTING THEIR SACRED DANCE!

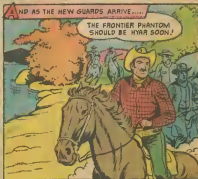
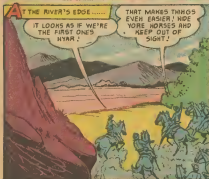
THEN WHEN THE INDIANS CHASE THE WORKERS OFF, WE CAN WAIT FER THE PAYROLL TRAIN AND ROB IT EASILY!



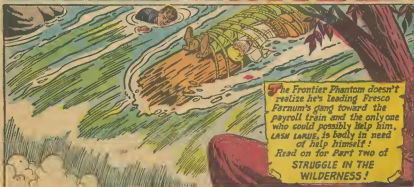












Boys! Girls!

FREE! at no extra cost! Plastic

Rocket Rings



WHOLE NEW SERIES!
12 RINGS OF THE FUTURE

- Space Cruiser
- Rocket Scoot
- Tom Corbett, Space Cadet
- Space Cadet Dress Uniform
- Space Suit
- Girl's Space Uniform
- Space Helmet
- Paralle-Ray Gun
- Sound-Ray Gun
- Strato-Telescope
- Space Cadet Insigela
- Space Academy

ONE IN EVERY
BOX OF PEP!

6 Different
Colors!

Wear 'em!
Collect 'em!
Swap 'em!

← ACTUAL SIZE OF RING

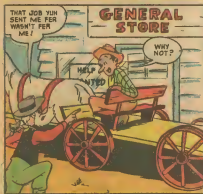
NO MONEY! NO WAITING! NO BOX TOPS!

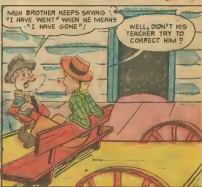
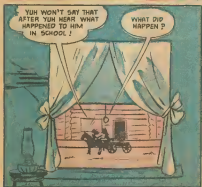
Just open a box of delicious Kellogg's PEP and there's your prize! A beautiful bright, colored genuine plastic ring with "space-ers" picture on top! Fits any finger. Don't wait! Get a box of PEP—the "build-up" wheat cereal today.

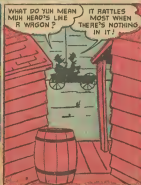
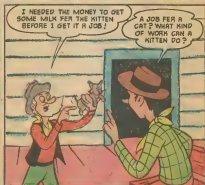
Watch for entirely new prizes—coming soon!

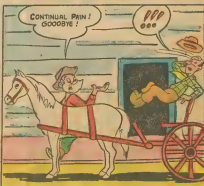
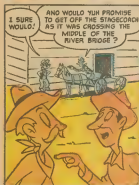
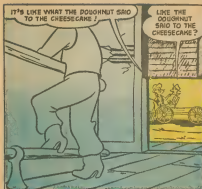
ONE IN EVERY BOX OF











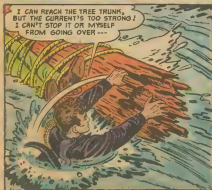
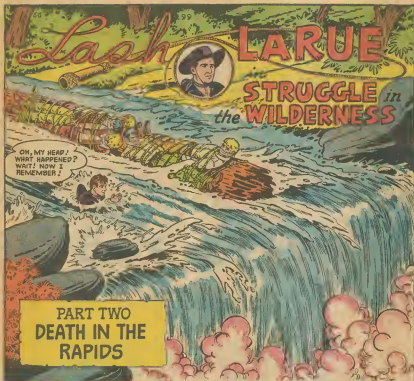
MOLASSES MOUTH



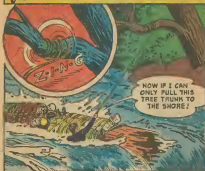
**OBLIGING
FELLER!**







THE KING OF THE BULLWHIP NEVER MISSES HIS TARGET!



WITH THE AID OF THE WHIP, LASH BATTLES THE RAGING CURRENT AND....



HARRIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE WITH THE FRONTIER PHANTOM!

SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S HAPPENED. I'LL EXPLAIN AS WE UNTIE THE GUARDS!



AND AFTER HARRIS EXPLAINS.....

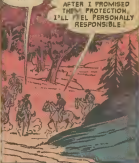
THEN FRONTIER IS REALLY LEADING A GROUP OF PHONY GUARDS! I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THIS TIES IN WITH THE SIWAUX GOING ON THE WARPATH!

BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE HAVE WANTED TO GET RID OF THE GUARDS?



THEY MIGHT BE AFTER THE PAYROLL AFTER THE TRAIN! WE'D BETTER GET OUT TO THE VALLEY RIGHT AWAY!

LET'S HURRY! I SENT THE MEN OUT ON THE JOB AGAIN AND IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THEM AFTER I PROMISED THEM PROTECTION, I'LL FEEL PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE!



WHILE IN THE VALLEY....

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE PAYROLL TRAIN ARRIVES AND WE MAKE OUR HAUL!

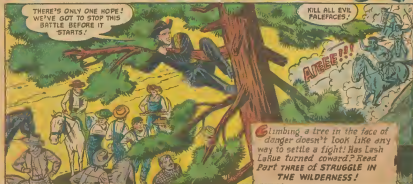


EVIL WORKERS BACK!









LASH LARUE WESTERN

WAGON WHEELS... WATER BOY!



LASH LARUE

Star of Western Adventures Productions, is coming soon in KING OF THE BULLWHIP! Watch for it at your local theatre

LASH LaRUE is currently playing at your favorite movie house in:

- ★ THE THUNDERING TRAIL
- ★ VANISHING OUTPOST
- ★ DEAD MAN'S GOLD

- ★ MARK OF THE LASH
- ★ FRONTIER REVENGE
- ★ SON OF A BAD MAN

Watch for the Lash LaRue Television Show: TALES OF FAMOUS OUTLAWS!



LYNCH PARTY

By Walter Farmer

STEVE STRIKER heard the shots from somewhere beyond the draw. Never one to shy from adventure and danger, he spurred his big Paint forward toward the explosive, echoing reports, saying, "Let's go, Rainbow! Let's see what's up!"

As he topped the knoll, Steve saw one man, a squat, chunky fellow, topple from his mount in the face of a blast from a six-gun in the hand of a tall, angular man wearing a black hat and a black look. The tall man whirled in the saddle at Steve's approach and snapped his fifth bullet in Steve's direction, snarling, "Keep away, mister. This isn't your affair!"

Steve's hand moved like lightning to bring his own Colt from the leather and his sure shot knocked the pistol from the other's hand. "Reach high, mister!" ordered Steve. "When any hombre flings lead at me, that's my affair, and no mistake!"

Suddenly, the tall man in the black hat raised his hands. Steve relieved him of the gun in his other holster, and frisked him for another weapon. "Get down!" said Steve. The man dismounted. "Walk slow and stand over yonder where I can keep an eye on you," Steve commanded. "What's this all about, anyway?"

"That's for you to find out, nossey!" growled the other.

Steve dismounted, keeping eye and gun on the tall, black-hatted stranger. Steve knelt beside the fallen, groaning, gasping chunky fellow. The man was in a bad way, with four bullet holes in him. His eyes were closed. As Steve bent over him, he opened his eyes and tried to speak in a choked, whispering voice. Steve leaned his ear closer to the dying man's lips, to try to catch the faint words. As he did so, his attention was distracted from the tall fellow, who edged toward his own horse.

There were only two words from the dying man's lips that Steve could make out. They were, "holdup" and "greenbacks." As Steve leaned closer, trying to get more of the message, the taller stranger leaped to his horse and spurred away. Steve drew and fired, but the man kept riding and soon reached cover beyond the knoll. Steve couldn't tell whether

he had hit his target or not.

"Well, I can't go after him now," thought Steve. "I'll have to see if there's anything I can do for this poor hombre." He ripped the tail from his shirt to make a bandage. But before he could apply it, the man's eyelids had fluttered closed, there was a rattle in his throat, and he stopped breathing.

"Dead!" exclaimed Steve. "Let's see if I can find out his name." He searched the dead man's pockets, but found no identification. Then, from inside the chunky man's shirt, he pulled out something that caused him to gasp. It was a thick packet of bills of large denomination.

"Holdup money," said Steve. "I'll just take this to the lawman in the next town." He stuffed the money into his own shirt. He pushed his big, black hat to the back of his head, wiped the sweat from his brow with his blue bandana, and started to mount Rainbow.

A voice said, "It's the law, mister! Raise 'em!" and another voice cried, "That's him! That's the tall hombre in the black hat who killed my brother!"

Steve raised his hands as several horsemen surrounded him. He grinned, "I was just planning to ride in to see you, Sheriff. Seems like there's been a holdup hereabouts."

"You should know about that, mister," growled the sheriff.

"It's him!" repeated another excited voice. "That's the man that killed my brother."

"Now hold on!" cried Steve. "I don't know what this is about. I didn't kill anybody's brother. I . . ."

"Shut up!" ordered the sheriff. "I'll do the talking here. You'll get your chance in court." The lawman relieved Steve of his guns, then found the packet of greenbacks in his pocket. "Caught red-handed!" grunted the sheriff. "What happened? Did you and your partner there quarrel?" He pointed at the dead man. "Were you so greedy you had to have the whole five thousand for yourself?"

"That's not my partner," said Steve. "And I don't know . . ."

"Shut up!" repeated the sheriff. "What you

any may be held against you. You can speak your piece in court."

"Court?" howled one of the other men. "There's no need to go to court about this. We've got a rope with us!"

"And there's a good tree!" yelled another. "We'll hang this murderer here and now!" exclaimed a third.

The sheriff protested. "Boys, I don't hold with lynching. This hombre looks mighty guilty, but I aim to uphold the law and see that he gets a trial, fair and square."

"We're six to one against you, Sheriff," asserted one of the others. "This black-hatted hombre murdered my brother and we aim to see him swing here and now. You can't stop us!"

As the sheriff continued to protest he was held aside by one man as the others laid hands on Steve Striker, who struggled and fought a losing battle against the odds. Soon his hands were tied behind him. A hangman's noose was slipped around his neck. The free end of the rope was tossed over a tree limb. Steve was still astride Rainbow. One of the men yelled, "Now slap his cayuse and he'll be yanked off the saddle; he'll dance on air!"

"Wait! Wait!" roared the sheriff. "Hold on! I'll admit I can't stop you fellows, seeing as how you've got me outnumbered. But at least let me take a statement from the condemned man just before he hangs. He might be ready to confess to some of the unsolved crimes in this territory."

Reluctantly, the men agreed to wait. The lawman approached close to Steve and said, "Well, miater, what have you got to say for yourself as your dying statement."

"I'm innocent!" said Steve, looking the sheriff straight in the eye.

"Well, in that case, you ought not to hang! Move on—pronto!" The sheriff acted so swiftly, so surprisingly, that the men in the posse were caught completely off guard. The lawman's knife made one fast sweep and severed the lynch rope. With his other hand, the sheriff slapped Rainbow. The horse leaped and aped away, nearly unseating Steve Striker, who had trouble keeping a balance with his hands tied behind him.

It was several seconds before any of the would-be lynchers roused to pursuit, and before they had traveled very far they realized it was hopeless to race with the swift-striding paint, Rainbow.

Their anger at the sheriff knew no bounds.

They threatened him, they cursed him, they declared this trick would cost him his job. Unruffled, the sheriff retorted, "We haven't proved that fellow was the murderer. But I'd rather have a murderer go free, than be a party to a lynching!"

In town, when the story of the event was spread, citizens gathered in angry groups. They wanted the sheriff impeached. Some of the hotheads even suggested that the lawman must be in league with the outlaws. Petitions were sent to the governor, and that worthy was so moved by the flood of protests that he came to town in person on an early stage. He conferred privately with the sheriff in the little jail office. "Jim," he said, "I've known you since we were boys. I know you are an honest man and that you uphold the law to the best of your ability. I agree with you that lynch law is wrong. But nevertheless, the fact is that you freed a murderer . . ."

"A suspected murderer," corrected the sheriff.

"Even so," said the governor, "the town is in such a nasty temper about it that your usefulness as sheriff is at an end. Unless you can recapture that hombre within twenty-four hours, I'll be forced to remove you from office."

"He won't need twenty-four hours," said a voice from the doorway. "I'm here now!"

Both the sheriff and the governor gaped in surprise as Steve Striker entered, bending low so his black hat wouldn't hit the top of the doorway.

"You came to give yourself up?" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Nope!" grinned Steve. "But I came to give up the hombre who really did the robbing and killing. I figured, Sheriff, that after you saved me from a lynching, that was the least I could do for you. After I worked my hands free, I trailed him. I found him kind of weak from a wound in his shoulder. I told him he'd die if I didn't get him to a doctor and I wouldn't take him to a doc unless he confessed. He's in the doc's office now, tied up and getting bandaged."

"Mister, you deserve a reward!" exclaimed the governor. "Name it!"

STEVE STRIKER took off his black hat, twirled it in his hands, then tossed it in the corner. "Reckon I'd like a new, milk-white Stetson," he grinned. "Seems as if a black hat is the mark of an owlhoot in these parts!"

THE END

LASH LARUE WESTERN



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Lash LARUE



in STRUGGLE in the WILDERNESS

DON'T FIRE
UNLESS YOU
HAVE TO.

WHAT'S LASH UP TO—
CLIMBING THAT TREE?
SURELY, HE WASN'T
TURNED COWARD?

PART THREE THE MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT



EVERYTHING DEPENDS
ON MY REACHING
THE CHIEF!













the "POPSICLE" KIDS in NEVADA BAD LANDS



IF I LEAVE THIS GOLD STRIKE, THE BLACK GANG WILL JUMP MY CLAIM



WRITE YOUR CLAIM PAPER SMALL--I'LL HIDE 'EM IN MY BOOT RING'S SECRET CHAMBER!

NOW CLOSE THE TOP--THE COMPASS WILL GUIDE US!



NO CLAIM PAPERS ON EM, BLACKIE



LET EM GO--WE'LL GRAB THE CLAIM!

THEY MISSED THE CLAIM PAPERS HERE, READ 'EM WITH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS OF MY BOOT RING!



THAT CLAIM'S SAFE--NOW WE'LL SET THAT GANG!

KIDS YOU SAVED MY RICHEST STRIKE!



THANKS TO MY "POPSICLE" BOOT RING!

JAIL'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU!



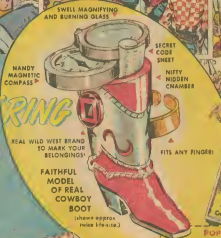
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with Polka Dots

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CORNERED IN THE CORRAL!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

IT HAPPENED AT A WYOMING RODEO...

WATTS! CLOWN DOWN IN THIS CORRAL!

THAT'S ODD! THE RODEO CLOWN. WATCH HIM GET THOSE STEERS AWAY FROM THE COWBOYS!

FELLAS, MEET ODD!

GOSH, THAT'S MIGHTY DANGEROUS! YA GOTTA BE FAST ON YOUR FEET, HUH?

TELL TOM ABOUT "P-F", M.R. WISE

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION!

® TRADE MARK.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

THAT KID WILL BE KILLED!

I'LL GET HER!

QUICK! INTO THE BARREL!

RIGHT FAST MOVIN', SON!

MIGHTY FAST THINKIN', TOO!

GOOD THING I HAD "P-F'S" ON. THEY SURE HELPED ME GO FULL SPEED!

GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP!

1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE

INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company